

It Inspires Confidence
There is no way in the world that you can
beat us up. We are the best men in the country.
We are the best men in the country.

VOL. XVI.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1892.

Advertising Is Not Solicited
It should be the privilege of all to
question in the mind of the world
when it comes to advertising.
This trader has
now their success to judgmental advertising.

HIS DREAM CAME TRUE. A STORY OF STONE RIVER DAT- TLEFIELD.

A Farm Boy Dreamed of War in Peace-
ful Times and the Incidents Seen in
His Vision Were Afterward Realized
in His Fleet.

A summer's midafternoon.

The warm southern breeze gently
smoothes the bearded cheek of the un-
dressing wheat and rustles among the
wings of the swallows.

An old worn farm horse suddenly

cries the tall hill above him.

He is a tall, thin, old fashioned

shovel plow. But the plow is trying

to seize the potato vines that

hedge the brilliant round about, and the

long bridle reins dangles from his

sore's mouth.

Now and again the stamping of

the animal's feet as he leaps about the

grass, the sharp snap of his

wings, the sharp snap of his

awing of the corn are the only sounds

distinguishable upon the summer air.

The boy is a tall, stocky youth,

dark, with a ruddy complexion,

and a frank, open countenance.

He is a son of a poor farmer.

He is

FORTY-TWO

TOWN LOTS

-IN-

WARFIELD

Addition!

To be sold at PRIVATE SALE and PUBLIC AUCTION on

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, '92.

On the Lots in the City of Cloverport.

TERMS--Of Sale made known on the day of Sale--which terms will be favorable to purchasers.

F. FRAIZE,

Agt. for Warfield Heirs.

CLOVERPORT, KY.

They Wash Once a Year.

The facility with which washing is done by the poor is beyond belief for its simplicity in the country, and in Germany, where to many families washday comes but once a year. The notion of cleanliness which prevails among the people of Germany forbids the storing or accumulation of soiled laundry in the dwelling house, hence the necessity of the washwoman's coming to the door of the house, where the soiled or unwashed clothes are hung up, exposed to the air, on piles of stones. We can imagine how dirty they must be, and it would be well for those housekeepers to take a hint who store soiled garments in the closets of sleeping rooms and the like.

The humblest German husband does not feel her poverty if she has an abundance of laundry this week, and have if possible to the exactness of other things which we might regard almost as needless. She is rich indeed if at the end of six months or a year she can display long blue hems and cuffs, and a white collar.

We can thus understand how even at this day a sheet of linen is regarded among the people of Germany as a proof of their dowry or marriage portion of the bride. For these washings a week is usually taken, and the event is regarded as an ordinary occurrence, as the washing of a wife in which the entire family takes part. An American lady travelling in Germany witnessed one of these days last week four or five women were washing from one capacious tub. When asked why they did not adopt the easier plan of washing weekly, one of them replied that "she had no time to wash, and that they had but two garments apiece."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Original Ideas and Dressmakers.

In my experience I have long since come to the conclusion that if you are not a fashion plate, an actress, or a society woman, celebrated as a model on which dressmakers show new exhibits, you may do your own thinking when you want to buy a dress. You may find from one of a dozen turned out at the manufacturer. But in case you find yourself under the necessity of doing your own thinking, you may be sure there is no need of going to a first class man or woman who sends first class bills. You must find a dressmaker who is not a snob, who is not a stubborn but who is open and accepts some one else's idea, who will become interested in the work for the sake of art, and who is intelligent enough to do something for herself. But I hear my readers exclaim, "That part is impossible to find."

It is impossible to find, but not impossible. I have never found it. When I lived in America it was almost impossible to come across my friend that I did not suppose to be a dressmaker, who had made right in town, and here in Paris I have been faithful to my little obscure dressmaker for the ten years for garments—clothes as well as dresses, as well as dressmakers, like good servants, can be found. There are a few of them left, and I don't see why I can't not as clever as the neighbors, and then obtain the benefit of their services.—Paris Letter.

Memories of Chinese Trades Unusual.

The Chinese have a custom to terrible remedies in order to carry out their ends. I heard of a case in Shanghai where an emporer did something contrary to the rules of the guild of his wife. His wife, who was a concubine, refused to accede to their demands, and they concluded to make an example of him. He had more than the men wished, however. Thereupon a common soldier sprang upon him and commenced biting him. They had a leader, and this leader—clerk as well as soldier—had the men go away from the place without leaving his teeth, and if the teeth and gums were bloody he was allowed to go out.

The Chinese have a custom in India that there was capital punishment in China for biting. They hit the man to death and the executioner cuts the ears off the man. This was the case in the case about it, but the guard was a strong one, and only the man who took the first bite was punished. The punishment of men within the guard for cutting contrary to its rules are equally terrible.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Really Quite Merciful.

It was the York Central Depot. A well dressed lady with her Little Lord Fauntleroy son approached the door leading to an outgoing train. Both were laden with bundles. A railroad official stopped by the door.

"Open the door or I'll punch your head," exclaimed Fauntleroy in a very surging voice, and the official, amazed at such a bold and impudent attitude, consented to become doorkeeper for the occasion and complied.

The young fellow showed that she was angry as she swept through the door, and as it closed she seized Fauntleroy by the shoulders and shook him severely.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said. "How so impulsive to the gentle man?" "She, mamma," replied Fauntleroy, "I was only just to you. I wouldn't punch little girls."—Sydney Journal.

A Smart Elegance.

Hauskeepers—I know that milk fresh from the cow is warm, but that you left home yesterday was hot—and thin too, and the boiling water had been poured in it.

Milkman—Oh, the milk's all right, manna—water in it; no, indeed, manna.

Hauskeepers—How come it to be almost boiling hot?

Milkman—Why—you see, manna, some of the cows have typhoid fever.—Good News.

Mr. Classroom Ready to.

What is needed is that a place shall never look clean, but that some thing shall be used that will purify it, so that it shall be to some extent scientifically clean. The most important is that it shall be freed from micro-organisms as far as possible, which simple soap and water will not reach.—New York Tribune.

The great treasury vault at Washington, D. C., contains a quantity of an acre and twelve feet deep. Inside there was \$90,000,000 in silver stored there, an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

The fishing industry at Portland, Oregon, is rapidly increasing. The number of barrels packed in Portland alone last season was 17,000 barrels or more than 900 barrels in excess of the season before.

One of the latest discoveries of the scientists is that the germs of yellow fever may be conveyed from tropical countries in the plumage of birds.

MY SAILOR LOVER.

I watch and wait,
I watch and wait.
That brings my sailor lover,
I watch and wait as they go by.
But still I wait, still I wait,
But now bring back my lover.

With weary heart,
The sailor's gone forever.

She's gone, gone forever.

